

New Guinea
March 18 1945

My darling Mama:

Rain clouds hover overhead this Sabbath evening, and thunder rumbles through the hills – Rip van Winkle may be drinking jungle juice with some Pigmy tribe in the mountains.

In a few minutes Lou and I are going to Mass & then out to the Ordnance officer's club to a dance. We won't be drinking any alcohol tonight; in fact we haven't had any since the time I [illegible] on.

Received a letter from you today telling of Gypsy's near fatality. I certainly hope that she pulls through it alright. This summer we shall have had her four years. I read Lou your comment about the unappreciativness of animals. In her dumb mind she associated you with her misfortune.

I have done very little this day we slept until 715. I was wide awake by then; don't think I could have slept had I had the opportunity. I got a public address system for the company this morning from the Information & Education officer. It has a Victrola [illegible] to the loud speaker. 25 records came it – all are being transcriptions of radio programs – Artie show – Guy Lombardo. Melody Roundup – a symphony or two and several others. The men incline to the jive variety which I detest. This afternoon we listened to the sissy preacher (I shouldn't refer to him this because I think he has heart trouble) – afterwards we played ping pong – a game I like increasingly

Well my good darling Mama – tis time to go – I though about you nearly all day – I certainly love & adore you

Your loving son,

John